THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

NEWS LETTER

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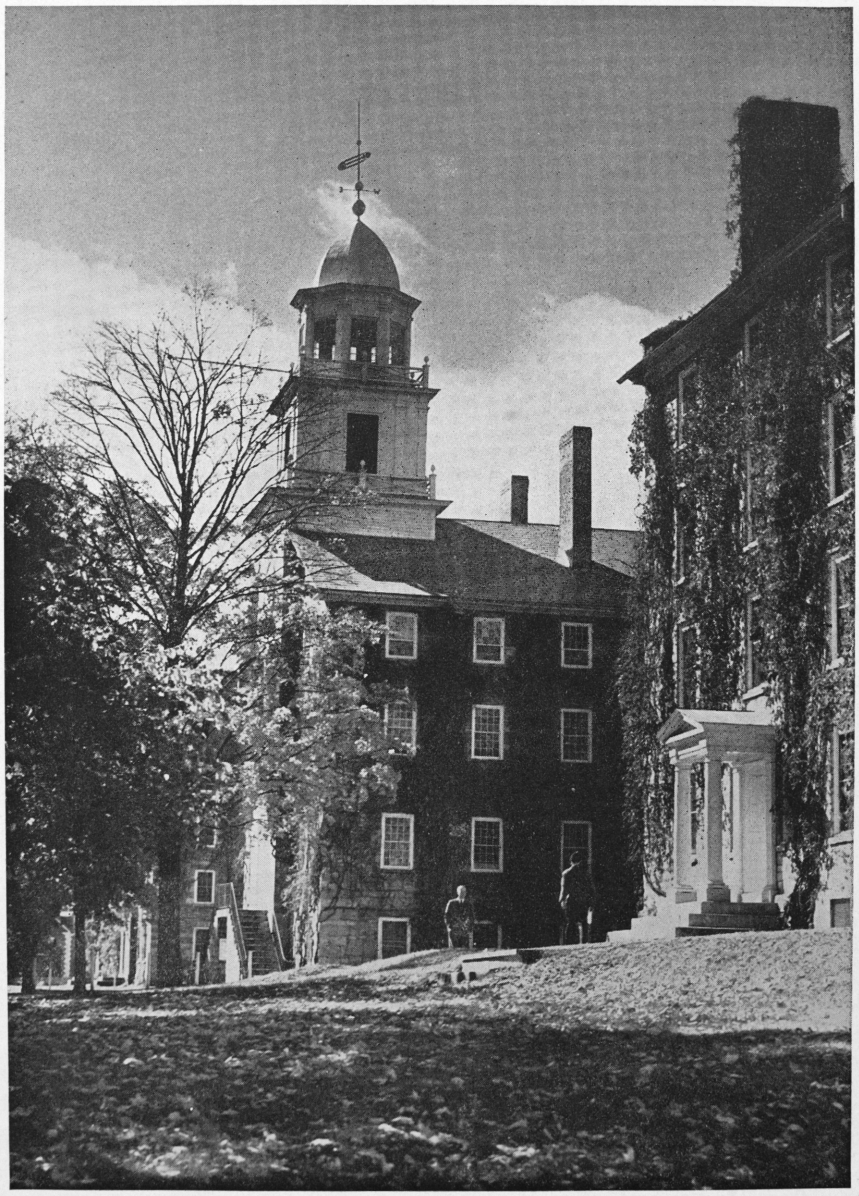


Campus Autumn

Subjects and Predicates

Homage Due

There was no need to call moments of silence on July 9 when word came to Middlebury that Professor Raymond L. Barney had died in Boston early that morning after an operation. College and town alike were both stunned to silence. Nor is any eulogy necessary here. Tributes are on the lips of every Middlebury graduate and undergraduate of the past fourteen years. Even students who never entered Dr. Barney's classroom and laboratory, or had never gone to him for counsel when he was acting dean in 1930 and 1936, revered and honored him. Whether it was speaking at a rally, chaperoning a dance, conducting a religious or academic discussion, he was the first faculty member considered to assure advance success for the occasion. His influence was felt in every corner of the campus, and in scientific circles far beyond the campus. In college history his name will go down with Hall, Parker, Twining, Seely and Brainerd as one of our greatest men of science and one of our greatest men.

Tempest in Teapot

In a tempest of split infinitives, huff, miff, pique and general misunderstanding, the undergraduate teapot boiled over late last spring. Students had voted almost unanimously in favor of someone's building a new gymnasium or field house, and the steam shovel hadn't arrived. Freshmen were kicking about off-campus housing. The *Campus* editors were scared that they were losing their freedom of the press. There was just enough confusion in the college cookery to encourage more confusion. But not until students woke up one morning to find convincing evidence that tennis courts were actually taking shape on the campus in front of the gymnasium did the teapot lid begin to bobble. Green sod suddenly became as precious as liberty, democracy, and love of wisdom, and somehow confused with them. It was as though liberty, democracy, and wisdom were going the way of the sod. The sight of tennis courts generated enough surplus temperature to spill the whole contents of the pot, dregs and all, over the top. In a succession of stinging communications written to the *Campus* editor and fellow sufferers, the world was informed that student opinion was being suppressed, a "policy of veiled secrecy" haunted administration doings; the senior women were being deprived of their rights to have Forest Hall exclusively to themselves; college jobs weren't being fairly distributed; Commencement exercises were to be moved to Mead Chapel; upper classmen were being maltreated in not being allowed to maltreat fraternity initiates, and the *Campus* was to lose its inviolable rights of free expression.

The tempest could not be taken lightly. Any educational diagnostician would have identified the whole to-do as a rather serious attack of "growing pains." The student enrollment during the past two years has been increasing considerably out of proportion to equipment, staff, and accommodation. New tennis courts for the increasing host of racketeers, as well as a new foundation for the hockey rink were needed. This temporary combination of the two projects was the easiest and most economical way out. The courts are by no means permanent. The administration is fully as concerned about athletic equipment as are students, and action fairly soon is to be expected. No one had any intention whatsoever of censoring the *Campus*. In an attitude of cooperation and partnership, members of the administration had suggested that controversial material be checked with responsible sources—as any editor of any publication would expect to do. When passed on to other students it led to very undergraduate misunderstanding.

The administration has long advocated dormitory distribution of underclass women with seniors. The policy will be continued next year, but seniors have been given first rights on Forest Hall and all is once more quiet on that front. The other complaints are perennially expected and the same answers offered for decades apply, only there are more students now to offer the complaints, more opinions to satisfy. Assimiliation of new students offers one of the serious problems in any college. A small college cannot become a large one overnight without suffering some nervous strain.

Commencement Commentary

"Give me two minutes, and let me subtract twenty pounds and I'll recall who you are."—Mrs. John M. Thomas, '91.

"To me who has spent three years in the mid-west away from the mountains of Vermont the first and most lasting impression is one of deep satisfaction to see and draw inspiration from the mountains again. . . . It seems almost a shame to see the trees growing larger so that they nearly eclipse the Chapel. And why do they cut up the campus with tennis courts."—Elaine L. Updyke, '33.

"Truly friendship is the greatest asset derived from four years in college."—Evelyn Ryle, '23.

"If there was one outstanding impression that commencement made, it was the finesse with which everything was carried out. I thought I had seen the last word in barbecues in California, but the Middlebury one topped them all."—Marie Champagne, '17.

"I ate three meals at the Barbecue. Seven other persons at our table asked me for a roll."—Guy C. Hendry, '15.

"The big thrill had most to do with seeing those of the same generation. . . . It was perfectly natural to be back—as if it were perhaps September 1928 after three months absence from campus. Someone's noticeably graying hair or greatly increased size was a mighty jolt into realization that more than a few weeks had indeed elapsed. There was the intense need to fill every minute of this 'slipping back ten years' as fully as possible against tomorrow when 1938 would press in once more, when children would come out of their temporary dream-state into a reality of swiping the entire box of graham crackers and beating up the neighbor's dog."—Mrs. Edward R. DeNoyon, '28.

"The tone of a Middlebury Commencement is unique. Middlebury succeeds in giving to the world the kind of college which men, women and children can love and respect. . . .

If students think that the quarter century graduate is a fossil, the cartwheels of Moxie Atwood must have started a revolution in their opinions. He rehearsed before the critical eyes of his classmates after a reunion banquet and repeated his performances—wheeling the length of the gymnasium—at the Commencement dance."—John A. Arnold, '13.

"Did everybody notice how many more classes than usual were having reunion dinners this year?"—Florence Allen, '98.

"Class spirit is something very real, even though it is one of those mysterious things known as intangibles. One cannot handle it, measure it, weigh it, or precipitate it in a tube, but one experiences it and knows it is real."—Rev. Henry H. Chapman, '18.

"After the monotony of Jersey flat lands, the mountains of Vermont seemed like the hills of Heaven."—Mary Archibald, '13.

"Can't understand how it has been possible to remain away from Middlebury, with its pleasant associations and happy memories, for so many years."—A. S. Richardson, '03.

Markdown

"Father Went to College," a history of Middlebury. New price $1.48, ". . . . plus a few cents postage." Copies may still be obtained from the Middlebury College Press.

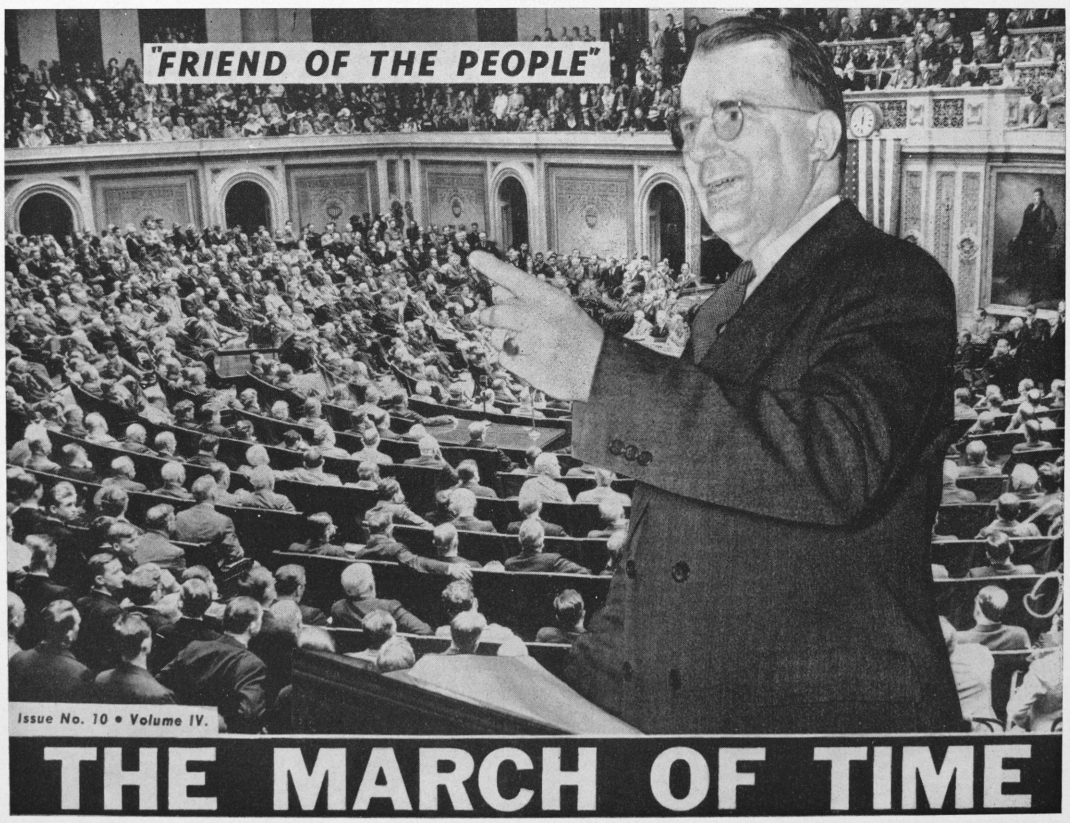
Faculty Changes

On year's leave: Dean Hazeltine, Associate Professor Bowker, Professor Cornwall; first semester leave: Professor Davison and Professor Centeno; second semester leave: Professor Swett.

Dr. John Patterson of the Economics department of New York University will serve as acting Dean of Men during the absence of Dean Hazeltine. Other substitutions and additions to date: Lafayette B. Hedge, Instructor in Mathematics; Justin V. Emerson, Instructor in English; Jorge Guillen, Assistant in Spanish; Dr. Robert Davis, Assistant Professor of History; Dr. C. D. Howell, Instructor in Biology; Rev. Charles F. Whiston, Lecturer in History; Dr. Charles H. Kaiser, Assistant Professor of Philosophy; and Dr. Lynford Lardner, Instructor in Political Science. Miss Laila McNeil, who served as Librarian for twenty-five years, retired in July and her position is taken by Wyman W. Parker, 34.

International

One night a week during the summer



Samuel B. Pettengill, '08, who was chosen by "March of Time" to represent the typical Congressman. Audiences from coast to coast this summer were impressed with the fact that he is not only a great orator and crusader, but also a first rate actor.

French Night at the "Campus"

even Main Street took on an international air, with the apron of the Campus Theatre blinking advertisements of French and Spanish moving pictures. Principal patrons, of course, are language students, but there is always a sprinkling of towners ready for a new experience. Anyone muttering English at these occasions is subjected to cold, reproaching stares in the dark. Included in the summer showings were: *Une Soirée à la Comédie-Française, Amphitryon, La Paloma,* and *Mayerling.*

Janitor Emeritus

"Billy" Farrell will be awakened at 6:30 a. m. September 29 by the low resonance of morning bells that echo from five dormitories all within a hundred yards of his home on chapel hill. But he will not rise. He will start off the tenth anniversary of his retirement as Middlebury's chief janitor luxuriating in exemption from responsibility, as he has been luxuriating for the past decade. Time was when Bill would have already been on the job two or three hours at that time of day. But now he is content to live in a submarginal college world in which bells at last come to his ears *sotto voce.* Most of his life he has spent in obeissance to bells; until 1908 ringing the chapel bell punctually on the hour and five minutes of the hour, and for the next twenty years patiently waiting for new fangled electrical apparatus not to work.

"I'm able to stay out of things pretty much now," he says. "Only once in a while have to go down and show them where something is. For forty years I've helped dress the trustees for Commencement, arrange their gowns, you know, but last June was the final time. I won't be going again. Too many stairs to climb for an old man, but I'll miss it. Knew all the trustees. One time or another I've bawled most of them out as undergraduates."

The eighty-three year old ex-janitor still has the most accurate and dependable memory of any one connected with the campus. Not only can he recognize and give the class of practically every man who graduated between 1896 and 1928 but he has a feel for dates and even days on which the most incidental events occurred during those years.

What was the most memorable experience in all his years of service?

Quick as a flash he comes back: "Hallowe'en night, the year Dave Burke and George Drake were sophomores; yes sir, 1899. Brainerd came to me and says, "Wish you'd do something for me tonight."

"Sure, I'd be glad to," says I, remembering what night it was, and shaking a little.

"Brainerd comes close to my ear and says, 'They're going to break into chapel tonight. Going to take the bell out.'

" 'That's a common enough occurrence'," says I. " 'Nothing new about that.'

" 'I think there is tonight,' replies Brainerd, mysterious like. 'Would you have any objection to staying all night in that chapel?'

"I though for a long minute and says kinder reluctantly, 'All right.'

"It was a beautiful moonlight night. I had a darklamp in those days. Flashlights hadn't come in. Long about seven o'clock I put on a slouch hat and an old overcoat and humped down across campus. Then I slipped into a back window which I'd fixed beforehand, so they wouldn't spot me in front, and sneaked up the stairs. Remember the alcove and the entrance to the President's office—it was the senior room then? Well, I got into the darkest shadow of that alcove and stood there shaking, holding the lantern in one hand and a piece of iron pipe in the other. Two hours I stood there getting scarter and scarter. 9:30 sharp and the whistling and catcalling outside started in. I knew what that meant. And pretty soon, I heard 'em coming on, tramp, tramp, tramp up the stairs. G—, there must of been forty of them!

"I had the light ready. All crowded together, they go to the head of the stairs. I waited my moment and just as they got to the top, I set down my iron pipe, moved out of the corner and flashed the lamp square into their faces. Well, you never saw so many surprised faces in your life. I was

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Contributions for the Personal News and Notes of Alumni, and changes in address should be addressed to the alumni or alumnae secretaries, other contributions to the editor.

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shaking but they couldn't see that. They was perfectly dumbfounded. They stopped and stood for just fifteen seconds, then they started down pell mell. They was scarter than I and that's going some. I kept the light right on them thundering down the stairs. Out the basement window they went, same way they came in. I turned the light on them till I knew every fellow in the bunch, then put out the light, closed the window and locked it, and stood there shaking and pretty soon the stones began coming through the window. But I knew they wouldn't be back that night. So to get out of the way of the stones I went back and sat on the stairs, sat down and laughed and cried, laughed and cried. G—, I was all shot to pieces."

Most of the summer, Farrell now spends sitting on his front porch waiting for some alumnus to turn up for a chat. Almost every week brings someone, and at Commencement time, it's like old home week on his porch. By no means have his ten years of retirement after such an active life been a bore. He has taken up traveling and recently returned from a long tour of western New York, including Niagara Falls, then way back to northern Vermont, through the Thousand Islands, and he claims the honor of being the first to cross the new bridge at Swanton. Comfortably and congenially he lives on the only pension ever granted by the college to an employee and for it he is the most grateful man ever on the college payroll. He checks up on the timing of college bells with the watch students gave him when he retired ten years ago.

Farrell served under three Presidents but best of all he liked Ezra Brainerd. He held great respect for his scholarship. When he was eight years old, Bill remembers his father's building the house in which he now lives. It was the first structure on Chapel Hill with hardly another house in sight. Since then he has witnessed a small campus city grow up about him: Battell Cottage and Hillcrest, Pearsons Hall, Hepburn, the New Chapel, and Forest, not to mention new streets on either side of his house, Adirondack View and Hillcrest Avenue. And he still lives in hope of watching at least two more buildings go up within sight of his porch.

Country Store of last century at the Sheldon Museum which drew hundreds this summer from twenty-nine states.

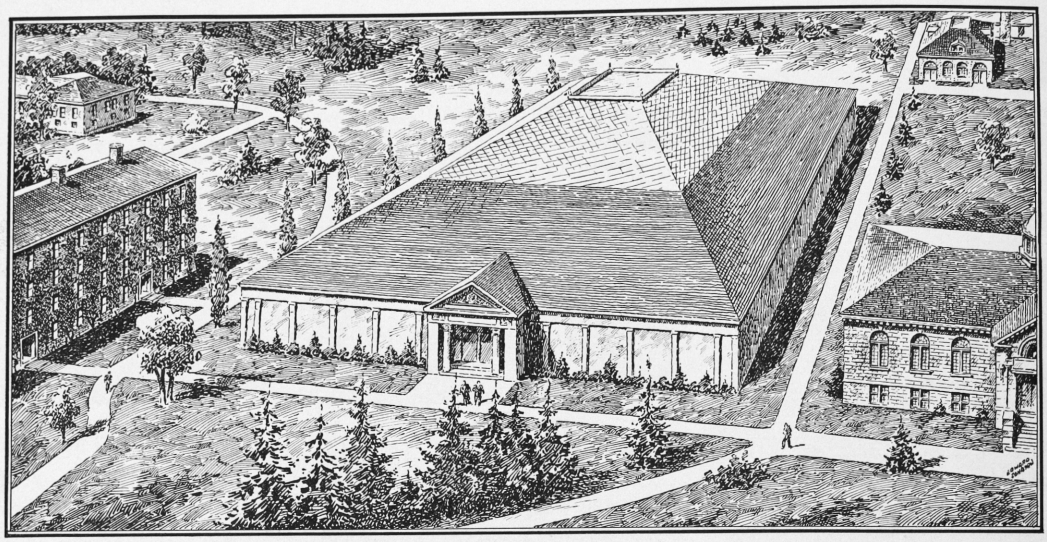
Middle-life Portrait

Alumnae from a half dozen leading women's colleges for the first time last spring sat for a journalistic middle-life portrait. Eunice Fuller Barnard was the artist in charge and her results were published in the New York *Times* a few days after she received an honorary degree from Middlebury. Mrs. Barnard's composite picture represents an individual as "substantial and conservative as Queen Mary, with perhaps a slightly greater eagerness to reform," a devoted and serious-minded mother and home maker, a Republican, a church-goer, a pillar of the community. She smokes and occasionally indulges in a cocktail. She is no bluestocking and shows few traces of radicalism. She is absorbed in her family and in the background stands a husband, a college-bred business or professional man "who has kept his head pretty well above water during the depression."

Middlebury women of the class of 1918 were not asked to sit for Mrs. Barnard's portrait, but Charles J. Lyon representing this middle-aging class spent weeks developing a more detailed photomotage, which undoubtedly would have registered almost perfectly over the *Times* picture, had Mrs. Barnard made hers coeducational. Nearly half of the class roll of ninety men and women responded to his grilling questionnaire. Of these the great majority are married and average nearly two children per couple, and home life—as in the inter-collegiate potpourri—is the foremost interest, if hobbies, health, and pets are acceptable as deciding witnesses on this point. The hobbies run from genealogy and geology to gardening and golf, but it is interesting to note that most of the hobbies keep the practitioner pretty near home base. Only ten fail to accept at least one pet as part of the family. There are cats, canaries, rabbits, turtles, fish, ants, hens and enough canines to start a dog show: cockers, Boston terriers, fox terriers, English bull terrier, collies, beagles, airedales, bird dogs, and five "plain dogs."

The twenty-year norm for gain in weight apparently is twenty pounds. This checks nicely with Mt. Holyoke statistics and the number of cars in the class may be one explanation for the bulk. All but a handful drive automobiles, Fords, Dodges and Pontiacs leading the way. The great majority play bridge—some of them not too willingly. An even larger majority still dance—many with not much improvement in the two decades. Only about half have visited a night club. One in three have been in an airplane, and only five have been on the air.

Ballots regarding periodical literature were taken only on the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Life*, and, alas, even the class of '18 favors Luce's sheet over Stout's by quite a margin. Not until politics come up, however, is there a really remarkable break between the yes's and no's. Not a soul remains faithful to the New Deal now, though in 1932, four voted yes, twenty-two no, eight NO, two Hell no.



Artist's sketch showing Indoor Field between Starr Hall and the Gymnasium—one location being considered for the building

Building Plan

By THE EDITOR

TRAVELING college presidents were about as common on the turnpikes of New England a century ago as traveling painters, dentists, surgeons, and transient pastors. Whether the wares were education, portraits, clinical service, or religion, each had to be an expert salesman, each a good horseman. Their success depended on a persuasive vocabulary and endurance in the saddle.

Much of the early success of Middlebury was created by this promotional gospel carried abroad on the presidential mare. In those days the total amount of tuition advanced by students was insignificant; heavy endowments were unknown. The college subsisted on a hand-to-mouth monetary diet, and the budget was made up on the returns which the president managed to deposit in his saddlebag within the triangle created by the three points: Middlebury, Boston, and New York.

In this system of college up-keep, there was no room for long-range planning. The college took what it could get and shaped itself accordingly. And even down to recent years the tradition has remained. No one twenty years ago or even ten years ago ever visualized exactly what Middlebury would be today or tomorrow. Presidents and trustees for fifty years have been promising themselves that Middlebury must always remain a small college. Yet several times in that period the enrollment has doubled itself and no one bothered to find an answer to the question: "When is a small college not a small college—when does a small college become a large one?"

Repeatedly they have emphasized the point that Middlebury must be a college of liberal arts, yet 1913, for instance, ushered in a short-lived experiment in an Engineering department of twenty-one courses, complete from Railroad construction and Topography to Kinematics and Power plant engineering,—a greater number of subjects than any other department offered. More recently we welcomed an even shorter-lived one-semester department of Aeronautics. No one has been ready to answer the question: "When is a twentieth century liberal arts college not a liberal arts college?"

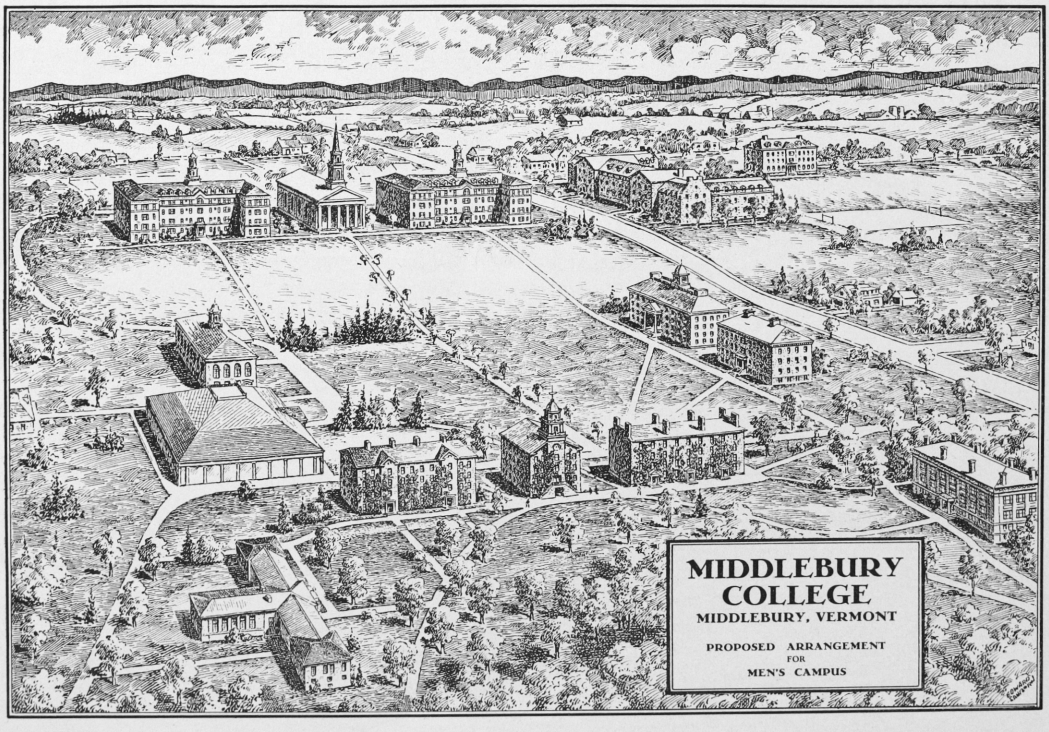
Still more eloquent of the complete absence of long-range planning and the presence of come-

what-may planning is the arrangement and architecture of the campus. Rough marble, polished marble, stucco, clapboards and shingles, limestone, red brick and brown brick! Practically every time an important new building has been constructed it was accepted as sufficient excuse to have a completely new architect's drawing of the campus made. One plan showed the college spread over Adirondack View and Hillcrest Avenue and extending well over toward "Noble's Woods." Another converted most of the Battell campus into an elaborate and formalized garden. Plans for athletic grounds and buildings have been as varied. Each corporation committee and architect had new and different ideas; compromise came slowly. Thanks to trees and landscaping we are permitted to forget the heterogeneous arrangement of buildings and assortment of architecture and accept frequent tributes to the beauty of the Middlebury campus.

We may hope that we have outlived the "saddle age" of Middlebury planning. The trustees have decided fairly definitely that the eventual enrollment of Middlebury should not exceed 500 men and 500 women. The figures may be taken at least as one demarcation between a small college and a large one. For the first time in its history the college actually has the essential dimension for long-range planning.

Yet educational planning involves four dimensions: enrollment, staff, building and equipment, curriculum. No ideally successful college can be expected until all four of these dimensions are computed in detail. All are dependent upon size of enrollment, and with that known, arranging for the other three is less difficult—and it certainly can not be long postponed with the present men's attendance about 50 under the eventual limitation, and the women's less than 150 from the limitation.

The Corporation determined last April to



Campus of the Men's College showing possible location of three new buildings: Indoor Field (center left), Dormitory (right of chapel), Recitation Hall (center right). The Recitation Hall is designed from the original college building, "Old East."
Drawings were made by Edward Sanborn

announce at Commencement time building plans which would more adequately accommodate the present enrollment as well as the anticipated limit of 500 in the men's college, but preparing even advance plans for such a move presented difficulties which could not be surmounted in so brief a time.

Letters explaining in general the immediate needs of the college went to fifty alumni and the trustees, and the response was more than gratifying. Within two weeks over twenty-five thousand dollars was subscribed or pledged. If this may be taken as a representative sounding of alumni loyalty Middlebury will not have to carry on long with the crowded conditions in many departments.

More detailed plans for the men's campus are now being plotted. New topographic surveys are being completed, and a building committee is busy with details preliminary to securing an architect. But before any plans are adopted careful thought will go into them with the long-range view in mind. If alumni support may be counted on it is not entirely visionary for the present sophomore class to anticipate seeing on the campus both a new Recitation Hall and an Indoor Field before they graduate.

Because of the growing popularity of Middlebury, the college is actually facing an embarrassing situation. The men's enrollment this September will be approximately a third greater than it was three years ago. In 1935, the athletic facilities were greatly overtaxed; there were few vacancies in the dormitories; and class rooms were more than comfortably filled. Since then the influx of men has created insurmountable problems of housing, class room accommodation, and sports participation. Because of the overcrowded conditions, the college has felt from all classes during the past year an ominous impatience. With the quantity have come higher quality students and they are expecting perhaps more than Middlebury can give under its present limitations.

The college must launch an extensive building program immediately if it is to continue on its present upward trend. The major needs may be catalogued as follows:

Indoor Field—$150,000. The present gymnasium was built in 1912 to accommodate some 300 students. Nearly every year since then the student body has increased and the facilities have become correspondingly inadequate and outmoded. An indoor field, with movable floor would take care of basketball and classes in Physical Education, as well as indoor football, baseball and track practice. Three possible locations for the Indoor Field are being considered: (1) adjacent to Porter Field, (2) south of McCullough Gymnasium, (3) between Starr Hall and the Gymnasium. For each location there are advantages. If a whole new athletic plant could be anticipated Porter Field would be the most desirable place, but this would necessitate an estimated expenditure of $800,000. The location between Starr Hall and the gymnasium would probably be more practical than south of the gymnasium, if the building can be made architecturally appropriate to the space. It would allow for other additions south of the present gymnasium at some time in the future. These additions would then be less expensive since they would not have to be architectural units. The gymnasium would be central to the other parts and could be connected by underground passages. The latter would probably be the most feasible for immediate construction and minimum expenditure.

Recitation Building—$200,000. Since 1920 the college has doubled in size but no corresponding additions in class room facilities have been made. It is now impossible to add to the curriculum and staff until more rooms are provided. If *education* is the primary purpose of Middlebury, there is little question that the Recitation building is the most immediate need. The location most convenient to both men and women would be adjacent to the Chemistry Building.

These buildings are considered the two most necessary additions at the present time, but four other projects of no less importance are being considered for the future.

Men's Dormitory—$200,000. In dormitories and fraternity houses there are accommodations for less than 350 men. 423 undergraduate men were registered last year and a considerable increase is expected this month. At the present rate of increase few freshman men in 1939 can be accommodated on the campus. The new dormitory should house at least 100 and the most desirable location is undoubtedly north of the Chapel. This with the two other new buildings would complete a rough quadrangle for the upper campus.

Repair of Old Chapel—$100,000. Many of the administration offices are now located in dormitories or in town and relatively few faculty members have offices at all. Old Chapel is the building best suited for this purpose but until a Recitation Hall is erected it must continue to be used principally for class rooms.

Women's Dormitory—$200,000. The Women's enrollment is now limited approximately to the capacity of dormitories. Without affecting the standards of the college the maximum of 500 could be more than filled any year. As soon as recitation facilities and dormitory accommodations are provided the present enrollment of about 360 may be increased. A complete plan for the women's college was prepared in 1936, so that the location and architecture of future buildings on Battell campus will offer no problem.

Repair of Starr Hall—$100,000. The reconstruction of Starr Hall, which has remained virtually unchanged since it was built in 1865, should be one of the first projects, but because of the lack of rooms, it cannot be rebuilt until there is another dormitory.

Starr Library Additions—$50,000. Additional stacks as well as reading rooms are needed to accommodate anticipated enrollment and the increase in volumes.

It may readily be seen that the President and Trustees have a formidable task before them. But they no longer submit to the old come-what-may attitude. A Middlebury of tomorrow is being visualized. The plan for a great liberal arts college is being evolved and the trustees are determined that it materialize.

Summer Sabbath

By ERNST FEISE, *Director of the School of German*

EVEN the well-trained student of languages finds that his knowledge of foreign culture and idiom is deficient in the realm of religious experience. For unless he studies in a foreign country, his courses and textbooks, although replete with literary, folkloristic, historical, and philosophical matter, devote little or no time to this important sphere of human life. Even in the foreign country of his choice he may prefer to go for his devotions to the little American church of his creed, since religion is not alone an individual but a religious experience, presupposing a community spirit, a bond of common belief, or at least of common sympathy and faith.

Since this feeling of group life is dominant in the Middlebury Language Schools, they can undertake the difficult task of gathering their students of different creeds to a common experience of religious devotion; and it is most interesting to see how differently the several schools solve this problem and how characteristically this solution mirrors the nature of national cultures.

The Mead Chapel, with its white marble architecture and its graceful spire dominating the campus from the green hill, the well-trained choir in black robes seated under the organ, the music played with consummate skill by members of the Boston Symphony lend a distinction and atmosphere to the French service which may well be compared with that of cathedrals on the banks of the Seine. The service includes selections from the Bible, a common Prayer, passages from Protestant and Catholic religious writers, such as Agrippa d'Aubigné and François de Sales, responsive readings from [*Continued on page* 21]

French Service

Memorial in Verse

BATTELL is the only name out of Middlebury's past which is familiar alike to undergraduates and alumni, to foreign language and Bread Loaf students, and to members of the Writers' Conference. No one spending a few days in the vicinity of Middlebury is likely to miss the recurrence of the name: Battell Block, Battell Forest, Battell Park, Battell Cottage, Battell Campus.

Joseph Battell has been dead nearly a generation. And as with most benefactors, a name soon becomes only a name. His magnanimous contributions to the life of Middlebury and Bread Loaf are taken more and more for granted, the circumstances of the gifts forgotten, the character and spirit of the donor no longer associated with the benefaction.

In total contributions and certainly in the variety of philanthropy, Battell is the greatest benefactor in Middlebury history. His outstanding gifts were perhaps the 35,000 acre mountain campus, Bread Loaf Inn and the campus of the women's college. He may well be considered the godfather of the School of English and the Women's College of Middlebury, and by undergraduate men be accorded a niche along with Gamaliel Painter.

The college will celebrate next year the hundredth birthday of Battell. As a tribute to him and as a reminder of our heritage, the Middlebury College Press plans to publish on his birthday, July 15, a book of poems entitled "Bread Loaf". The volume will be dedicated to him, and all students at any time connected with the college, either as undergraduates or as members of one of the summer schools, are invited to submit poems for it.

The purpose of the book is twofold: to represent the locale of Joseph Battell, the character, traditions and atmosphere of New England and Vermont to which he was devoted; and to present some of the literary efforts which have resulted directly or indirectly from the Battell benefactions both at Bread Loaf and on the campus. However, no limitation in subject will be imposed. In accepting poems for publication, the context of the Battell tradition will be favored, but the judges will be guided principally by the quality of work.

True to the Battell tradition, the publication of the book will be philanthropic throughout. Robert Frost, a member of the lecturing staff at Bread Loaf since 1921 has promised to contribute a preface. Many of the nationally-known poets who have been lecturers or staff members at Bread Loaf and Middlebury are expected to contribute poems. And Mr. Ben Lane of the Lane Press has been most generous in volunteering to contribute the entire cost of printing and binding the book. Without Mr. Lane's liberality the publication of course would be impossible.

Two poetry contests, open to students and alumni of Middlebury and the summer schools will be run in connection with the anthology. A prize of $100 will be offered for the best long poem submitted. The editors would like to secure a long dramatic or narrative poem, possibly presenting in some way the interests of Mr. Battell, such as his devotion to the preservation of virgin mountain lands, Vermont customs and traditions, Bread Loaf Inn, his love for horses, and his educational interests. However, a long poem of any character will be acceptable and the final decision of the judges will be based on poetic quality rather than subject. The *fruits* of Battell's gifts can be limited to no one region. Students who have received [*Continued on page 22*]

POETRY CONTEST

Three awards totaling $150 will be made for poems treating preferably the locale and interests of Joseph Battell: New England tradition, atmosphere and character, and his special devotions in this region. The prize poems will be incorporated in "Bread Loaf" to be published by the Middlebury College Press on Battell's hundredth birthday, July 15, 1939.

Long Poem. Prize $100.

Lyric Poem. Two prizes, $25 each.

Details are contained in the accompanying article.

The Collegiate Legend---A Protest

By A. PAULINE LOCKLIN, '20, *Assistant Professor of English Literature, Pennsylvania State College*

FACULTY folk with the collector's urge are usually forced to ignore the lure of incunabula or Ming porcelain and solace themselves with the humbler amenities of ferns and matchboxes. A hobby of my own, and one quite painless to the professorial purse, has been the collecting of generalizations about college students. After thirteen years of casual acquisition I find myself possessed of an odd assortment. Their chief sources are the press, the pulpit, the movie, the advertising sections of popular magazines, and the lips of students themselves. Unless my own observation of the college scene is colored by some emotion I do not myself recognize, my curios have turned out to be a choice collection of fake antiques. These generalizations cluster about "the" college student, who is either a romantic phantom spun from the sentimentalities, wishful thinking, and wistful regrets of the uncolleged, or a shadowy threat invented by the jealous, fearful, or suspicious. Like the well-known "average man," he is never encountered. He is not to be found in the library, nor in the stag-line at the hop. One cannot even, as yet, trace him to his ultimate hide-out in statistics, though there is hope that there at some future time the more prominent of his theoretical features may be accurately described. I should like to make it appear plausible, so far as I may without figures, that when he is found he will, in spite of tap-day hat or beer-suit, resemble other young Americans from his economic level or geographical area, but that this fact is not so important as another.

The popular distortions of view arise from a fallacious assumption that the temporary isolation of a group of people in the same stage of development must turn them into a species, or a genus at the very least. The population of a campus is a sociological unit, not a biological one. Its members may adopt a certain style of tobacco pipe, or a favorite hair-cut; they may speak a peculiar jargon, and behave according to a special code of manners not recognized by Emily Post. But under these superficial similarities they exhibit what a romantic public would deny them—much the same uniformities and all the bewildering varieties of the non-academic world of late adolescence. There is no more a student type, fundamentally, than there is a student nose. Yet the myth persists, to further the evil ends of Hollywood producers, and the hokum still works well enough to bolster the bare-faced bribery of smiling young men who offer you magazines or kitchen-ware with the privilege of contributing to their education.

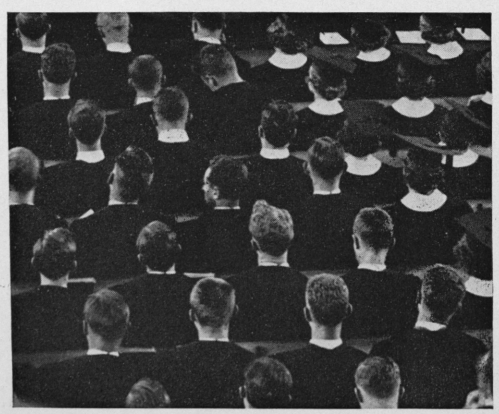
The publishers of periodicals have caught on to our weakness for the cheer leader. There is supposed, for example, to be a collegiate variety of humor. Yet it is an undisputed fact that genuine humor demands intellectual detachment, a quality unusual in emotional, self-absorbed young people. A real humorist is not an unknown phenomenon on the campus, but he is a rare and an exciting one. A cursory inspection of most university "funny mags" will reveal that the best jokes seldom originate with students, the few that do being reprinted from coast to coast, so limited is the supply of native genius in this art. In general, personal abuse must pass for satire, and an almost physical stickiness for sophistication. The puns are the bright spots. Yet punning can hardly be considered the sport exclusively of collegians. The association of "college" with "humor" continues, however, to have a market value denied to "humor" alone.

With similar designs upon the pocket-book an almost vulgarly suave and expensive periodical concerns itself with "what the college man drinks." As nearly as I can make out its implications are all wrong. The college man appears to drink what he thirsts for and can pay for or can get away with. Now and then it may even be Benedictine, or it may be buttermilk. But with startling frequency it seems to be lemon coke.

The racket and the bally-hoo extend to clothing, although without impressing much this hypothetical "student mind." After all, the most intelligent struggle going on under the elms today is the fight to preserve the individual personality from extinction. It is stubbornly expressed even in dress. On my own campus the

only perceptible mass point of view on clothes is a distaste for "collegiate" attire. The fashions that come and go are the same ones that come and go elsewhere. Emulation of the screen version of the Well-Dressed College Girl is left, a little scornfully, to summer-session students, who are not exactly girls. Of course local circumstance determines certain local details of costume. Because academic gowns are prescribed at Bryn Mawr they are made to do duty as raincoats. Street clothes are inevitable at Chicago, and ski suits make sense at Middlebury. But all this is far from the false sentiment to which manufacturers appeal with their Vassarettes, and College Girl shoes, and Co-ed frocks. Any profit from that appeal is obviously not made at the expense of undergraduates.

Even the men, notoriously fearful to violate convention in dress, have struck. "Classroom Clothes for the College Man," clatters an advertisement in the daily of a university town. But between my eyes and the photograph of a smartly angular young man taking notes with obvious insincerity, floats the memory of some sartorial specimens in a Saturday eight-o'clock last May. Two students were earnestly arguing the relative merits of earning one's way with brawn, or pulling wires for the campus "political" offices subsidized by the administration. One wore overalls, and at nine would be swinging a pick on the college construction project. The other, still fresh-cheeked and bright-eyed, was in white tie and tails, just back from conveying his prom-queen over the mountains to her train. The only collegiate thing about either was a certain relish in looking slightly out of place and having a good reason for it.



Reds and Rightists, Quakers and Catholics, sonneteers and satirists, athletes and anemics, capitalists and indigents.

Of all sweeping statements about this elusive being, the most irritating have to do with his ideas. Everyone seems so certain "what the college student thinks" about everything from waffles to the World Court. Yet one would not have to read many term papers nor attend many "bull sessions" (the college "Greeks" have that word for extended periods of speculation) to be morally certain that no two students can be depended upon to think alike about anything. In fact, it is impossible to evade the dismal truth that some make no effort to think at all. Others rearrange their prejudices and so rearrive automatically at their original positions with a pleasant illusion of progress. Since these original positions are the product of varied indoctrination, they can hardly be expected to exhibit uniformity. Many give a false impression of mental liberation by substituting a new set of prejudices for the old. This wholesale emotional shift of dogmas is certainly not to be confused with thinking. Still others *do* think, some of them persistently and doggedly, with whatever facts they possess and whatever values they cherish. But they do not therefore find the same answers. The few questionnaires conducted here and there to determine the opinions of students on restricted subjects show what the thoughtful might have predicted: the usual American middle-class varieties, following the usual American middle-class curve, depressed at the right and left, and unevenly elevated in the middle where various degrees of moderation and compromise are indicated. One might be pardoned for expecting something more courageous as a result of four years of learning. Then one remembers that since the "average" student does not even represent a middle-class home any longer, even this curve records a substantial advance in thoughtfulness. At any rate, though reactionaries may shudder at campus "reds," and impassioned left-wing reformers rail at "white" conservatives, they will be attacking small minorities. Both exist in about equal numbers, in exasperating or lovable versions, but neither hue, nor any shade between, tints the ultimate collegian.

Likewise, in spite of the bogey-stories that

distress parents, there is no college code of morality, or immorality. So far as the figures of investigators into this beclouded area can be trusted, students seem to be about like their contemporaries off the campus. Both groups assume a new degree of self-direction. In an automobile age immediate surroundings are not a determining influence. Consequently the fraternity pledge takes the same mathematical risk of moral disaster as his high school classmate who went into the Main Street office; but he has a somewhat better chance of recovery if he really goes off the deep end. In any case he is honest or a cheat, reckless or disciplined, because he is so —not because he is a student.

Again, students are supposed by some to have no religion at all; by others to have a specially framed creed of their own. Nobody can credit the first supposition who has seen them crowd voluntarily into chapel to sing orthodox hymns without embarrassment, and hear heterodox sermons without resentment. The second assumption, implicit in such terms as "campus religion," and "what the student believes," is as patent an absurdity. Officially students matriculate as Quakers and Catholics in the same proportion obtaining in the world from which the institution draws. But that only indicates what parents believe. A more significant distribution finds at one end the ardent few (often crusading social liberals), and at the other the cheerfully irreligious. In between are many more for whom religion is a chaos of inherited formulas of great variety, familiar symbols and phrases, juvenile concepts, habitual reverences, emotional hungers, disturbing questions, and moral imperatives to which they give assent rather than obedience. This state of mind is characteristic not only of the campus, but of late adolescence. It is merely more vocal on the campus, where it has a chance of developing into something less amorphous.

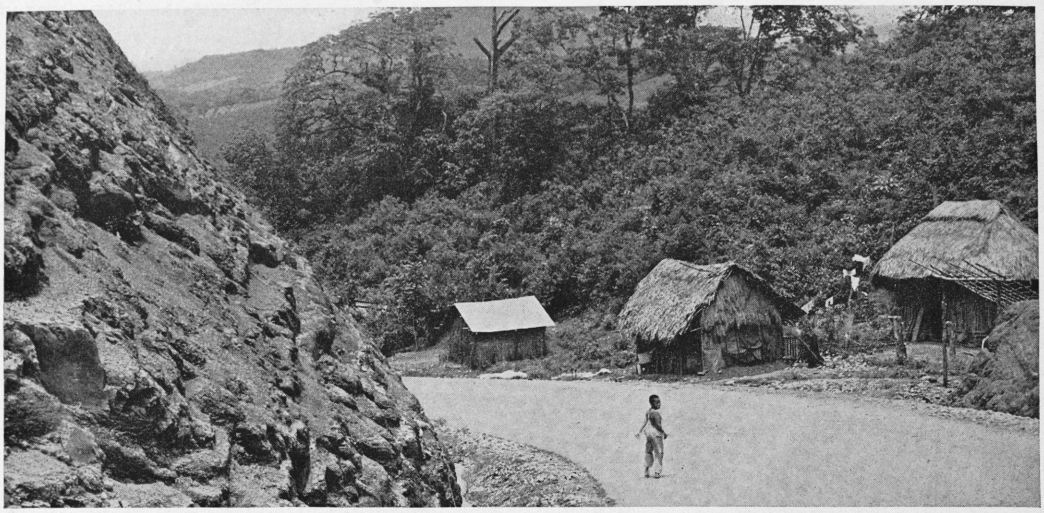
The emotional attitudes of students are also frequently announced. My list includes the dictum of a scrub woman that they are democratic, and of a poet that they are snobs. Is not the truth very likely that they are a little of both, the temporary tone of any campus being determined by the boldness of someone able to create a following? Say, an eloquent teacher or a witty college editor? I know a university where fraternities shamelessly exchange their members who must wait on table. It saves the embarrassment of having to address a servant as a brother. I know another where the freshman class elected as its president the head waiter of the corner restaurant. Both impulses are more basically human than collegiate.

Our fallacy sometimes takes the form of an American adaptation of Macaulay's familiar pronouncement. It begins, "Any sophomore knows—", and continues with the statement of some truth apparent to the writer but shockingly overlooked by someone else. After canvassing periodically for thirteen years that fraction of "the" sophomoric mind open to the inspection of English teachers (a wider area than some are permitted to explore), I feel justified in asserting that nobody can certainly predict what any sophomore will or will not know. The lad who speculated so brilliantly yesterday about what the second law of thermo-dynamics would have done for Emerson's transcendentalism, if he had been acquainted with that scientific mystery, betrays today his conviction that "heraldry has something to do with the early history of newspapers". The misapprehension is not the less a "boner" because an inadvertent truth lurks in it. "Any sophomore knows that anapestic measures—", rashly asserts an expounder of English metrics. Yet one of my sophomores, taking a shot in the dark, identified the anapest as "possibly some sort of vermin exterminator".

The assimilation of a [*Continued on page 21*]

UNDERWOOD

Reds and Rightists, Quakers and Catholics, sonneteers and satirists, athletes and anemics, capitalists and indigents.



North Meets South. The Pan-American highway, a marvel of modern engineering, skirts the Old of Mexico

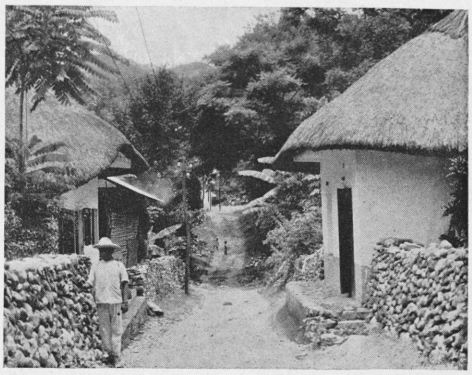
Tourist to Mexico

By CHARLOTTE MOODY

AN early reading of Kipling has given me an impression of India as clear as it is inaccurate. Though, unhappily, I have never seen the country, I know it is full of snake charmers, flirtatious widows who go riding with rosy-cheeked subalterns, ayahs, memsahibs and pukka sahibs who send each other chits; it is a place where all the animals talk and where cobras are found coiled in the baby's bassinet. My impressions of Mexico, also based on inadequate reading, were no less clear. It was a country where dark-skinned peons wrapped in white serapes seized the hands of white women in a strong, soft clasp and led them into dances which made the white women feel they were at the world's core (cf. *The Plumed Serpent*, D. H. Lawrence). It was an unindustrialized country in which a handicraft civilization flourished and where the people were, on the whole, happier than the inhabitants of Middletown (*vide Mexico*, Stuart Chase). I had a few miscellaneous recollections of Maximilian, Emperor, and "poor, mad Carlotta," sacrifices to Quetzelcoatl and obsidian knives. I knew there were thousands of books by people who were being charming about Mexican civilization and thousands of others by people who were being indignant about it.

It takes considerable temerity to add, even by a slight tittle, to the great bulk of material written about this country. Since the Pan-American highway has opened it has become an increasingly popular place to visit. Indians who had never seen a motor car before the highway went through have now seen plenty. Lots of North Americans now know how the Aztecs plant corn. Customs officials pale at the sight of yet another car-load of Mexican glass and silver and "curiosidads." A spokesman for a famous literary agency says so much is written about Mexico only a bomb would sell. Guide books, of which there are too many, can tell you about roads, altitudes, currency, where to sleep, where to eat, how to ask in Spanish to have your brakes adjusted. Former visitors will tell you not to drink water unless you're sure it's been boiled, not to eat fruit unless you can peel it, and horrify you with stories of two women who ran upstairs in Mexico City and dropped dead, or of a bullet whizzing through the car of two innocent travellers on the way to Acapulco.

Mexico, like Mr. Sandburg's elephant, looks different to different people. A specialist in history, politics, or the social sciences would have plenty to occupy him. These are the observations of a very lay tourist and to the lay tourist, as Mr. C. M. Flandrau has said (his *Viva Mexico*, published in 1908, is still the best for this species of traveller) "Mexico is a prolonged, if carelessly written, romance."



Side Street, Tamazunchale

Mexico is very old and very young and very inconsistent. The guide who showed us the Rivera frescoes in Mexico City was an obvious Leftist who believed in the artist's political philosophy; but he saved to show us, as a climax, the state carriage of Maximilian and the jade doors Napoleon gave the Empress Carlotta. (This reverence, in a revolutionary country, for the most anachronistic and imperialistic passage in its history, is often startling. Maximilian's palace and park at Chapultepec are free from the incredible litter with which other public monuments and parks are strewn, and they say it is the only place of any national significance which has always been respected throughout the periodic insurrections the city has undergone.)

But the guide who showed us the Rivera frescoes at Cuernavaca was a different kettle of fish. Rivera's politics were not his and he may have sympathized with the irate religious who threw acid over Senor Rivera's conception of the Virgin of Guadalupe. He ignored the political implications of the pictures and invited us to blink our eyes and enjoy certain optical illusions. Perhaps it was his revenge. No one has ever pretended before that a portrait is great because the eyes follow the beholder accusingly around the room, like the old posters of Uncle Sam enticing young men to join the navy.

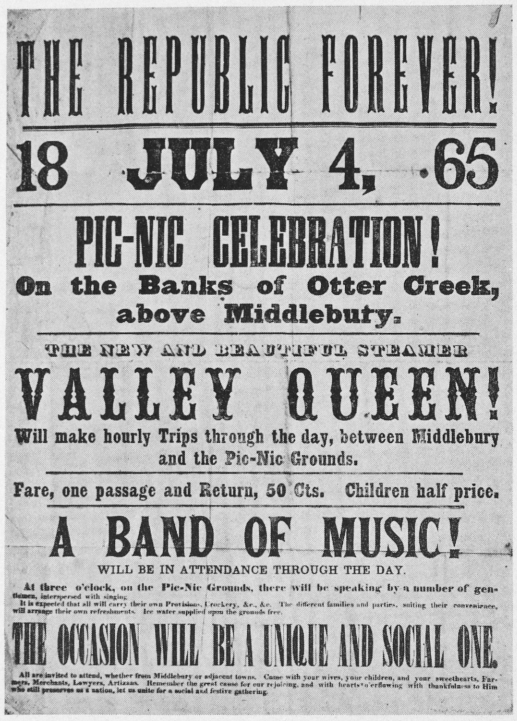
It's the unexpected which can be expected to happen in Mexico. We reached there the day President Cardenas seized foreign oil holdings and arrived in Mexico City the day of the monster labor demonstration in favor of this action. It was a time when one would have expected North Americans to be occasionally spat at, but the only hostile gesture towards us was from a little boy in Montemorelos. He threw an orange at the car. We attributed this to our failure to buy his oranges rather than as an expression of nationalist conviction.

We thought it was too bad to go to Taxco on an ordinary day when there was no market—though this was before we'd seen Taxco, the red and white city with cobblestone streets perched high on its mountain and lovelier, according to one authority, than any Italian hill town. But it turned out to be no ordinary day. It was the day of the big fiesta, though we hadn't known that. The square was solid with people proving Mr. Flandrau right when he says that Mexicans naturally compose themselves into pictures, proving Mr. Chase right when he says that an Indian with nothing but a handful of peanuts to sell will make an interesting display with those peanuts. There were parrots squawking and Indians being silent in Mr. Spratling's shop. There were children in odd costumes and masks doing a strange, stamping dance in the [*Continued on page* 21]

Pyramid of the Sun, Teotihuacan

Voyage of the Valley Queen

Reprinted from THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER, 1865



THE REPUBLIC FOREVER!

18 JULY 4, 65

PIC-NIC CELEBRATION!

On the Banks of Otter Creek, above Middlebury.

THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STEAMER

VALLEY QUEEN!

Will make hourly Trips through the day, between Middlebury and the Pic-Nic Grounds.

Fare, one passage and Return, 50 Cts. Children half price.

A BAND OF MUSIC!

WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE THROUGH THE DAY.

At three o'clock, on the Pic-Nic Grounds, there will be speaking by a number of gentlemen, interspersed with singing.

It is expected that all will carry their own Provisions, Crockery, &c., &c. The different families and parties, suiting their convenience, will arrange their own refreshments. Ice water supplied upon the grounds free.

THE OCCASION WILL BE A UNIQUE AND SOCIAL ONE.

All are invited to attend, whether from Middlebury or adjacent towns. Come with your wives, your children, and your sweethearts. Farmers, Merchants, Lawyers, Artizans. Remember the great cause for our rejoicing, and with hearts overflowing with thankfulness to Him who still preserves us a nation, let us unite for a social and festive gathering.

COURTESY SHELDON MUSEUM

Incredulous twentieth century alumni are not yet convinced that steamboats of considerable proportions once navigated Otter Creek between Middlebury and Pittsford. On July 5, 1865, the Valley Queen made four excursion trips, carrying over 500 "pic-nicers." Both broadside and poem voice an age as colorfully as they give conclusive evidence of the existence of Otter steamboats.

"All aboard" the Valley Queen
Banks of Otter Creek between!
Sitting, standing all around,
Chatting with a humming sound;
Gentlemen and ladies too
Juveniles a very few,—
Each one bound to have a ride
On the Otter's buoyant tide!
Villagers of different grades;
Business men of different trades;—
Farmer, from his harvest toil;
Painter, from his lead and oil;
Carpenter, from planes and bench;
Smith, from hammer, tongs and wrench;
Carriage-maker, from his axle;
Harness-maker, from his tackle;
Cobbler, from his last and awl;
Butcher, from his fatty stall;
Merchant, from his cloth and shoes,
From his—everything we use;
Postmaster, from stamps and letters;
Sheriff, from his writs and fetters;
Lawyer, from his brief and bar;
Soldier, from the fields of war;
Clergyman, from sacred books;
All with happy hearts and looks;
Ladies, too, with faces bright,
Sharing in the new delight.

Hark! The whistle from above!
There the Boat begins to move!
Something puffs, and something sings;
Off the noble steamer swings;
Shapes her course right up the stream,
All her paddles under steam,—
Enginery of wondrous power,
Steaming full—miles an hour!
Winding up the Otter Creek
Who for finer views would seek?
Sloping banks on either side;
Bending willows kiss the tide;
Alders stand in clusters deep;
Wild vines through their foliage creep;
Grasses quiver in the breeze,
'Neath the shade of lofty trees;
Or their thicker carpet spread,
Where no shade is overhead;
And bright flowers, here and there,
Show their beauties rich and rare,
Wild ducks on the water swim;
Herons start from the oozy brim;
Blackbirds chirp from tangled brake;
Hawks their upward circles make;
Meadows stretch on either hand;
Mountains in the distance stand;
Vistas open to the view,
Ever changing, ever new!

Onward steams the Valley Queen
Banks of Otter Creek between;
Gliding over ledgy ridges,
Shooting under wooden bridges,
Running straight or turning curves,
Straining all her iron nerves,
Bound for—somewhere on the shore,
Fitting place to ramble o'er
And enjoy a social hour
In some shady sylvan bower.
All is social on the Queen,
Not a somber face is seen;
All enjoy the Steamboat ride,
On the Otter's tranquil tide.
Mutual compliments are paid,
New acquaintances are made.
Friendship's ties are closer drawn,
As the Valley Queen moves on.

There! There the boat is at a stand;
Passengers begin to land;
Passing off in quick succession;
Straggling in grotesque procession,
To a woodland slope near by
Halting where the shadows lie,
Baskets filled with picnic stores,
Open now their upper doors,
All partake of ample fare,
Relished in the open air;
Many pleasant things are said,
Men called out and speeches made,
Owners of the Queen are cheered,
Fragments all have disappeared,
Baskets close, and all are hieing,
Back to where the Boat is lying.

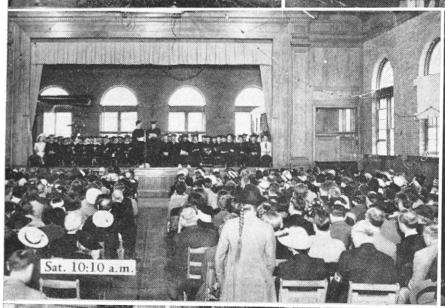
"All aboard" the Valley Queen,
Banks of Otter Creek between!
Whistle sounds, machinery starts,
Gracefully the water parts,
As the prow, with gentle force,
Pushes on its homeward course;
Balmy is the air around;
Beauteous every sight and sound:
Music rises on the air;
Instruments and voices share,
Tunes are played and hymns are sung,
Joyful every heart and tongue,
God is praised with heart sincere,
Worship pure is offered here!
Now the Boat is nearing home,
To a circle all must come,
And without apology,
Sign the old Doxology!
Swells the Pean on the breeze,
Finds its way through streets and trees,
To the dwellers on the shore,
Listening till the song is o'er!

Closes thus this pleasant ride,
On the Otter's beauteous tide;
But its picture long shall be
Stamped upon each memory;
And, as down the stream of life,
'Mid its roar and surge and strife,
All are hastening to the sea
Of a vaste eternity.
Let us number well our days,
Wisdom seek to guide our ways,
That when this rough voyage is o'er,
We may find a blissful shore.

Sat. 9:28 a.m.

Sat. 2:00 p.m.

Sun. 12:15 p.m.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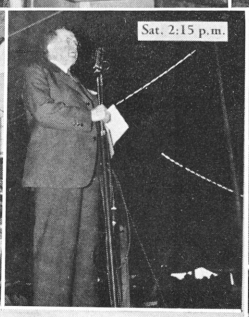
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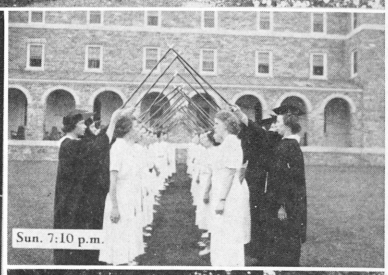
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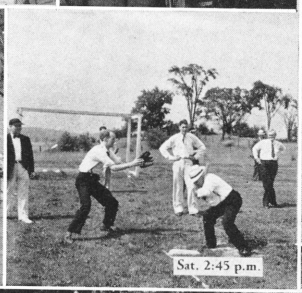
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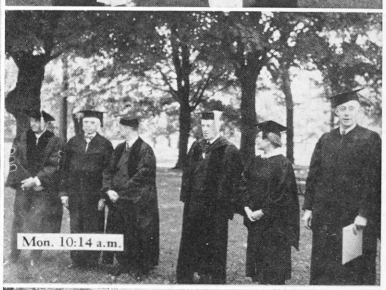
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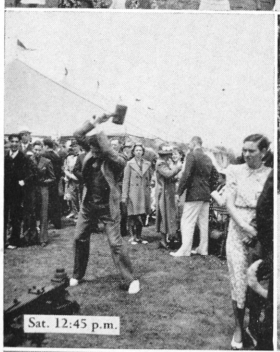
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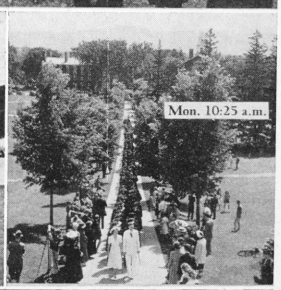
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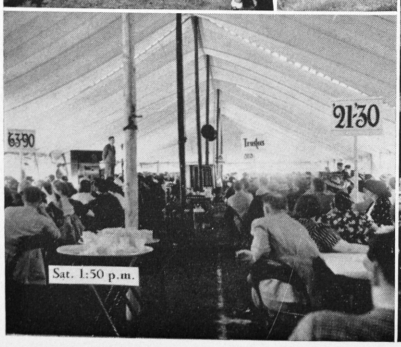


Sat. 1:50 p.m.

Mon. 11:05 a.m.

Commencement Panel

Sat. 9:28 a. m. Addison county farmers were blessed on Class Day with the first shower in weeks and Commencement celebrators for the first time in nearly a decade were driven indoors. While rain pattered on the empty grandstand on lower campus the Junior women bravely assembled in front of Hepburn Hall to escort the prospective graduates to the gymnasium, but Gove Studio representatives were the only witnesses of this wet parade. Everyone else had skuttled under cover.

Sat. 10:10 a. m. It was the quietest Class Day ceremony on record. The background chatter common on lower campus was silenced—perhaps drowned by indoor loud speakers—and the audience actually listened while the class history was read by Edward Hayward and Claribel Nothnagle.

Sat. 10:45 a. m. 1938 Senior Week was fairly crammed with superlatives. There was the *largest* attendance on record, the *biggest* barbecue, the *most gratifying* manifestation of college loyalty, the *best* Commencement play, the *biggest* alumni and alumnae meetings, and according to unanimous verdict the *best and biggest* class reunions. Among other superlatives there was the *longest, heaviest* and *showiest* daisy chain. Since few saw it on parade it was draped for inspection on the Old Chapel rail by the Junior daisy-pickers.

Sat. 12:45 p. m. Construction of tennis courts on the men's campus sent the barbecue to Battell campus this year. And to carry out the P. T. Barnum Big Top idea, a midway was erected adjacent to the entrance. One of the Guarnaccia grads raises a mighty hammer to ring the bell. Principal missing note was the peanut vendors.

Sat. 1:50 p. m. Master-of-Ceremonies P. N. Swett steps to the microphone to reminisce. He is addressing the largest gathering of alumni ever to be assembled under one tent—seven hundred souls, over a hundred more than in 1937—and no one has any idea how many were turned away to dine in greater formality at the Inn, Swansons, Lockwoods and the Dog cart. Nowhere nearly all of the returning alumni ever affix their names to the registration book in the Library, but 380 were entered this year, 50 more than in 1937. From this registration are compiled the class percentages for recognition on the McCullough Cup. 1903 took first place with 57% of its living members present. 1898 came second with 47% of its 15. The class of 1928 had the largest number of class members on the campus, 41 out of 121, followed by 1933 with 31 out of 147.

Sat. 2:00 p. m. Dance routines preserved from the winter carnival show "Southern Style" were performed for the benefit of alumni to keep them in step with the Middlebury educational process.

Sat. 2:15 p. m. Judge Noonan, back at Middlebury for the 47th time, gives his benedictory address as president of the national alumni association. Joseph P. Kasper, '20, is his successor in office.

Sat. 2:45 p. m. Sam L. Abbott, '05, with eye fixed resolutely on the plate is about to wallop a homer for the odds in the Field Follies. The umpire called the game in time for the evens to win.

Sat. 5:15 p. m. Members of the graduating class, parents, alumni, alumnae, faculty, and "friends of the college" descend upon the President as tea guests, to consume gallon upon gallon of ice cream.

Sun. 12:15 p. m. The Baccalaureate audience moves to Mother Mason's garden, where in a blaze of color a memorial is dedicated in her memory.

Sun. 7:10 p. m. Most tear-raising of all ceremonies connected with the final senior rites is the step-singing—now moved from Pearsons Hall to the arcade of Forest Hall. Conjectured one seasoned oldster standing quietly in the background: "I wonder if those Junior girls did love the Seniors so much."

Mon. 10:14 a. m. At this moment presumably only the President and Fellows have any idea who the notables flanking the President are, what they have come to Middlebury for, and why their pictures are being taken. *Time* likes the abominable appellation "Kudo." Academicians still prefer the lingo "honoraries." An hour later the world will be privileged to know they are (left to right): Kenneth Roberts, Litt.D.; Birney C. Batcheller, LL.D.; Robert Seneca Smith, D.D.; President Moody; Eunice Fuller Barnard, M.A.; Robert L. Duffus, LL.D.

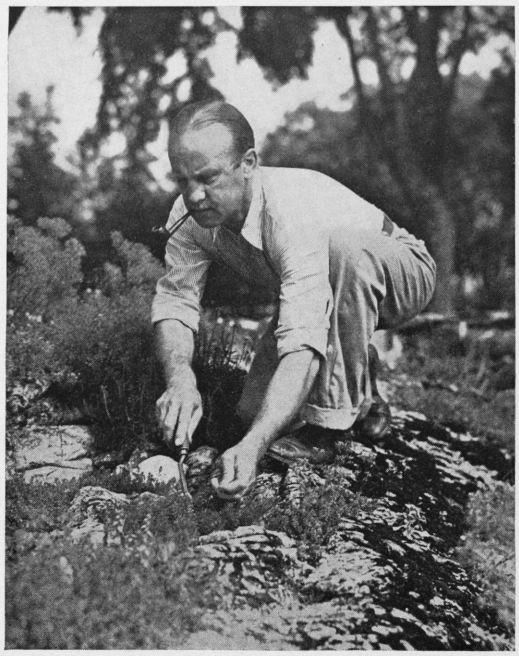
Mon. 10:25 a. m. For the first time in 138 years the Middlebury Commencement was held on its own campus. It was estimated that $74.50 worth of film was exposed in recording the first Commencement procession between Old Chapel and Mead Chapel.

Mon. 11:05 a. m. Robert L. Duffus before a graduating class of 82 men, 69 women, and another record crowd taking up every available seat in the galleries, tops the list of Commencement superlatives by delivering a commanding address on "Democracy and the Individual." It was the same subject that graduates were listening to all across the country, only there was good Vermont-born common sense in Dr. Duffus's approach, less oratory and greater literary excellence.

Football Coronach

By BENJAMIN H. BECK, *Varsity Coach*

SOME wizard of the slide rule has produced a booklet for the guidance of the wagering public. This pamphlet rates the football teams playing more or less under the control of the various *bona fide* or so-called educational institutions of the country. When this scientific system has been made official the teams will play by mail and much wear and tear will be saved, especially since the result will be known in advance. Middlebury should have no complaint since it is ranked about halfway up the ladder, which is not bad for a small "Simon Pure" amateur, almost lonely in a wicked company.



Football coach, philosopher and rock gardener. Over his lupin, columbine and witch grass, Coach Beck contrives trick plays during August to baffle Vermont in November. His favorite dictum is the Voltairianism, "But we must cultivate our garden."

All of this has been hauled in to attempt an alibi for the predictions of a poor coach who is numb to the intricacies of the slide rule. Seven regulars were graduated last year to Oxford and the WPA. Captain Anderson and Cridland were the best pair of tackles in the last decade; Winslow was a good end; Liljenstein, "Bob" Boehm, Paul Guarnaccia, and Oxford Johnny Chalmers were at least the equal of any backfield we have had through the prosperity, depression, and recession era.

The backfield men in the two upper classes either reported here with spavins and blind staggers or developed mental deficiencies after arrival. Golembeske has played center for two years and next fall will be moved back to his old position. Van Doren was an excellent full back until hamstrung by a team of sportsmen in the most spectacular game we had in 1936. Mahoney is a dancing dervish, but his fellow junior backs have been taken by the grasshoppers, dust storms, and hot winds. The sophomore backs played on a team that lost 34 to 6 to Vermont, a new galaxy formed by a cosmic cataclysm and well stabilized in their new orbit. But to return to the mundane, these sophomore backs of ours are satisfactory in numbers, physique, in passing and kicking ability. The unknown factor is whether they will need further experience and seasoning. They are not a hand-picked group and cannot be sent back to the minors because they are our only hope for 1938. The tackles will not be puny and are normal defensively; they may be too slow on the hoof offensively.

[*Continued on page 22*]

Football Schedule, 1938

Sept.	24	Williams	Williamstown
Oct.	1	Hartwick	Middlebury
	8	Coast Guard	Middlebury
	15	Tufts	Medford
	22	Norwich	Northfield
	29	Conn. State	Middlebury
Nov.	5	Colby	Waterville
	12	Vermont	Middlebury

Alumni Homecoming — November 12

SUMMER SABBATH

[*Continued from page* 9]

the Psalms, interspersed with vocal solos or instrumental music from Vivaldi, Bizet, César Frank, Vidor. The good taste of the Faculty in planning the celebration for such a community of varying creeds is only equalled by the perfection of the service, and provides a sense of form so typically French in proportion and execution that the word classical involuntarily comes to mind.

Meanwhile the much smaller family of the German School is gathered for a more informal service in their social room of the Bristol Inn. Probably no literature of the world is so saturated with the religious spirit as that of the Germans. Mysticism is its element, whether it derives from great mediaeval Catholics like Tauler or Eckart, or from the humble shoemaker Jakob Boehme as echoed in the phantasies of the romantic poets, from the Franciscan love for beast and flower of the Jesuit Friedrich Spee or his pantheistic brother Rainer Maria Rilke or from the prostrate Franz Kafka or the heaven-ascending Faust in the work of Germany's greatest poet.

To feel and understand how the rays of heavenly light are broken and varied in the spectrum of these God-seekers is also devotion and to further such an experience is the aim of the literary sermons of the speakers at the German Sunday gatherings. The religious folk element of Catholic balladry of the South, the sterner art of Bach and Beethoven, Schiller's exuberant 'Song to Joy' from the Ninth Symphony, all weave their romantic frame around these religious contemplations and perhaps move the heart most deeply when, under the cliffs of Mount Mansfield, the poets speak to the circle of worshippers and the rocks re-echo Eichendorff's:

O Täler weit, O Höhen,
O schöner grüner Wald!
Du meiner Lust und Wehen
Andächtger Aufenthalt!

Such hours make us forget that we are gathered for six weeks of linguistic training, and that we are students and teachers. To be sure, vocabularies expand, grammar improves, conversation becomes more fluent, and the knowledge of literary currents deepens. But beyond all that we grow in the capacity for human understanding, forge new bonds of friendship, and come to a keener realization of the unity of life.

THE COLLEGIATE LEGEND—A PROTEST

[*Continued from page* 13]

standard minimum of facts, learned simply as raw material for elementary thinking, has to be recognized as one of the legitimate aims of even the most informal system of education. In spite of the increasing divergencies and flexibilities of our curricula it continues to be assumed that a college graduate must know a few useful facts about the nature, history, and arts of man, the fabric of the physical and social world, and the linguistic and mental tools by which more facts can be acquired and inferences from them expressed. The Carnegie report may have surprised the public with its evidence that our educational machinery is not functioning very well in this respect, but it only confirms what honest instructors (and there are a good many of us) have suspected and regretted, though we may have been at a loss to account for our share in the failure. But this same public, quick to seize upon generalizations because they are easy to remember, should learn that other story of undergraduate knowledge which no statistician has tools for measuring. Just as appalling gaps appear, to make still more depressing the spectacle of mediocrity, so on the other hand, appears the cheering, if sporadic, phenomenon of the student who knows far more than could reasonably be demanded of him about some unconventional area. A student of mine who has never really learned to spell has learned to construct pipe organs. A girl who could never remember whether a sonnet has twelve lines or sixteen (her one personal effort resulted in thirteen) has produced a superior variety of tomato. It would be a queer kind of literary prejudice that would consider a good tomato a lesser triumph than a poor sonnet—even one with the correct count.

In this connection it is well to realize that for various reasons students no longer come to college with fairly uniform reading backgrounds. In one class of mine this year was a young woman who confessed that she had never before heard the names of any of the late Victorians under discussion except Stevenson, and there was a young man who seemed to know everything about Proust. A required survey cannot be expected to bridge the gulf between them. When they graduate the same discrepancies will appear, to the discomfiture of those who generalize.

Indeed, the one blanket statement that is both significant and safe returns like a refrain: it is not wise to generalize. As students are not alike in what they eat or drink or wear or think, they are not alike in what they learn nor in how much of it they remember. In most cases they neither learn nor remember quite enough to satisfy those of us who are suspicious of scantily stocked minds. Occasionally they distress us with ignorance, or delight us with unexpected learning. Do they differ much from the non-student world that also, in theory, continues to learn in other surroundings and for other immediate reasons?

Still another false dogma is the belief that students are universally happy. To be sure they react noticeably to entertainment, especially the mass variety, with flippant good humor, and with that friskiness of muscular response which young bodies keep even when young minds are unsettled. So did the soldiers behind the lines in 1918, but their levity was not misinterpreted. For every student who accepts good fortune or who has achieved joy, there is certainly somewhere in dormitory or fraternity house another in bitter revolt against circumstance, or bewildered by new knowledge, or baffled by the intricacies of society, or in a panic about his economic future. If you do not believe that, spend a day at the "clinical" centers of a large university: the dispensary, the employment bureau, the studies of student pastors, and the offices of deans, psychiatrist, and vocational guide. The experience is guaranteed to dispel any lingering illusions about the "four happiest years." The same result can be achieved by sitting at any campus crossroads for a half day, recording the scraps of conversation overheard. Between interchanges of dreary triviality will be the dialogue of light comedy and of disturbing drama. Not of Utopia. I tried it once.

But no teacher whom students label "human"—that is, capable of informal conversation with them on other than classroom topics—needs either proof. He, or she, has another—the steady drain upon wisdom and sympathy by importunate young persons stripped of all reticence by their desperate need of faith, or twenty dollars, or a fraternity bid, or world peace, or beauty. To anyone who has seen them thus it is not incredible that the chap who has regularly disturbed Philosophy 6 with scintillating and faintly ribald puns should break down and sob when invited to a square meal; or that the one seen last week practising cart-wheels on the frat-house lawn has this week taped himself into a closet with an adequate supply of poison gas, after burning the one hundred and fifty sonnets that would have explained him.

Why hasn't it occurred to somebody that students are all kinds of young people who happen to be attending school? The things true of them all are true either of most people of their background, or of most young people. It is time we concerned ourselves less with mass assumptions, even the sound ones, and more with those invaluable, easily obliterated differences that, if cherished, may save us not merely from the humiliation of a Carnegie report, but from disaster.

TOURIST TO MEXICO

[*Continued from page* 15]

old church, which dance seemed to have little to do with the religion to which the church was reared. There was a crowd stampeding in the plaza to avoid forcible vaccinations being carried on under the eye of the military.

It was too bad, my sister and I told each other, wandering through the dark, deserted market square at Valles, that our last night in Mexico should be almost stupid, for there was no one around. That, it transpired, was because Valles was under martial law; we hadn't known that, either.

The Pan-American highway is a miracle of engineering. But a five-foot Indian with a load on his back the size of a grand piano gaining the road by a pathway pitched at an angle of forty-five

degrees or a circle of vultures wheeling above a donkey, dead on the smooth, carefully graded cement keep you reminded of Mexico rather than science.

Plenty of people have tried to boil Mexico down into ponderable shape. Probably it can't be done in a country where it seems the accidental always happens. There are no adjectives to apply to the improbable mountains, the stretches of high desert and tropical jungle, the dusty cactus country on the way to the pyramids of Teotihuacan, the picturesque filth of the markets with their pyramids of oranges and banks of gardenias. In Tamazunchale a parrot screamed in the night and a man on a scaffolding high up the mountain called at intervals all night long to frighten foxes away from his corn. At dawn a little deer appeared out of the jungle, but it was a tame deer.

MEMORIAL IN VERSE

[*Continued from page 10*]

inspiration and training in writing, notably at Bread Loaf, are in every section of the country.

Two prizes of $25 each will also be awarded for the best lyric poem. In this class there will be no restrictions in content or stanza form, but contributors should bear in mind the purpose of the volume.

Contributions already published in book form may not be entered. Poems which have appeared in periodicals should be accompanied by editor's reprint permission. Not more than three poems may be submitted by one author. All contributions should be typewritten with name and address attached to each sheet. Entries must be made by December 15, 1938.

The judges and committee in charge of preparation are Robert Frost; Harry G. Owen, Dean of Bread Loaf School of English; Theodore Morrison of Harvard, Director of the Writer's Conference; Donald Davidson of Vanderbilt University and the Bread Loaf Staff; and W. Storrs Lee, Editor of the College Press. Contributions should be addressed to Mr. Lee, Bread Loaf Anthology, Middlebury College Press, Middlebury, Vermont.

This memorial in verse is being planned with the hope that the strong and original character of Middlebury's greatest benefactor may be recalled and perpetuated, that Battell may live for us and for future generations not merely as a name affixed abstractly to a building or forest acres.

FOOTBALL CORONACH

[*Continued from page 20*]

The center position should be strong even with Golembeske in the backfield. Captain Kirk is a stand-out at end and able assistance is in sight. The guard positions are well packed with talent.

The final wailing note is that summer correspondence indicates an unusual number of key men without employment and the return of all to college seems doubtful. This would lower the talent level and prevent certain shifts in position counted on to strengthen the backfield in particular. So if you would join me in sorrow, send a dollar for the scientifically accurate pamphlet.

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

At the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association of the Women's College of Middlebury, Mrs. Anna Hazen Brigham, '03, was elected as the new delegate-at-large on the Executive Committee. A new constitution, as proposed by the Reorganization Committee of the Association, was accepted for use during the year 1938–39. This revised set of by-laws replaces the original constitution of the group, established in 1914.

The Hartford Alumnae Club and alumnae of the University of Vermont met on May 25 at People's Forest in New Hartford. Middlebury alumnae of southern Vermont met in Rutland on June 6 to organize the Rutland District Association. The group has set as its goal a gift scholarship of fifty dollars for an undergraduate of the Women's College.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1854

EDWARD W. WILCOX died at his home in Norfolk, Va., May 23, 1938.

1890

DR. LUCRETIUS H. Ross reports that within the past six months he has heard from six of the eight living graduate members of the class and that they are planning to be in Middlebury in 1940 to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of the class. C. M. Pray of Great Falls, Montana, a non-graduate, is planning also to make a special trip here for the reunion in 1940.

1893

FRANK B. WYNNE. Address: Madison, Wis.

1895

DR. ALFRED M. ROWLEY. Address: 179 Allyn St., Hartford, Conn.

1896

MRS. LENA M. B. DENIO. Address: 50 West 8th St., N.Y.C.

1897

DR. LUTHER A. BROWN has retired after four years of teaching and thirty-seven years of preaching. Address: 130 Malta Ave., Ballston Spa, N. Y.

1900

LOUIS W. SEVERY. Business address: 36 West 44th St., New York City.

1903

JAMES M. WRIGHT. Address: 205 Lima Ave., Findlay, Ohio.

1907

DR. JAMES M. D. OLMSTED is the author of a recently published book entitled "*Claude Bernard, Physiologist.*"

1913

KENDALL S. MCLEAN. Address: 104 St. Botolph St., Boston, Mass.

1917

ROWLAND V. RICKER. Address: 114 Mercer Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

JOHN E. ROURKE has been appointed to the faculty of the Leavenworth High School, Waterbury, Conn.

CHARLES A. DANOLDS is manager of the True Temper Inn at Wallingford, Vt.

1918

MRS. LUCY SMITH. Address: 516 La Loma Rd., Pasadena, Calif.

1919

HENRY M. GARRISON is a salesman with the Kelly-Springfield Tire Co., Cumberland, Md. Home address: 15 Cypress St., Hagerstown, Md.

1920

DR. HAROLD M. HAYWARD is a professor at Marshall College, Huntington, W.Va. Home address: 1302 Fifth Ave., Huntington, W Va.

RALPH E. SINCERBOX. Address: 68 Stratford Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.

1921

GORDON A. SWAN. Address: 143 Main St., Ridgefield Pk., N.J.

LORIMER H. BROWN is vice-principal of the Northampton, Mass. High School.

1922

MELVIN A. PERKINS. Address: 185 Brandywine Blvd., Edgewood Hills, Wilmington, Del.

A son, Howard Pierce Jr., was born July 10, 1938 to MR. and MRS. HOWARD PIERCE NELSON.

RUTH E. CANN. Address: 736 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.

1923

MRS. C. R. TAYLOR (Helen Benedict). Address: 1113 Hull Terrace, Evanston, Ill.

MRS. M. S. DUNHAM (Jessie Burgess). Address: 25 Snow St., Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

MR. and MRS. ALLEN C. CLIFFORD (Catherine Robbins) announce the birth of a daughter, Roberta Mary, on February 16, 1938.

A son, David Julian, was born in May to MR. and MRS. E. JULIAN KLOCK.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1924

A son, Lee Barnard, was born in June to MR. and MRS. RALPH LYSLE HOUGHTON (Doris Barnard, '33).

1925

MRS. HENRY F. O. JOHNSON (Verna Scott). Address: 21 Summer Ave., Forest Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

OLIVET BECKWITH of the accounts department of the Aetna Life Insurance Company has the distinction of being the only woman admitted to fellowship in the Life Office Management Association.

MRS ERNEST ADAMS (Evelyn Plumley). Address: 11 Ardmore Terrace, West Newton, Mass.

1926

DOROTHY L. SIMONDS. Address: 430 A North Main St., Attleboro, Mass.

CHESTER V. GRANT. Business address: National City Bank of New York, 74 Yamashita-cho, Yokohama, Japan.

Announcement has been made of the birth of a daughter on May 1 to MR. and MRS. FRANCIS S. IRONS.

MARY CHRISTINE MOORE married Mr. Baldwin L. Jagger on July 16, 1938.

1927

MRS. WILLIAM E. HERRLICH (Marion Morgan). Address: 35 Smith Place, Bronxville, N. Y.

1928

MRS. ARTHUR J. WESTFALL (Elizabeth Stoughton). Address: 139 West Girard Blvd., Kenmore, N. Y.

MRS. SAMUEL J. STONEY (Frances Frost). Address: 239 West 13th St., N.Y.C.

LOIS C. ROBINSON married Mr. Frederick H. Blake, Jr., on June 21, 1938 in New York City.

1929

Announcement has been received of the marriage of CATHERINE HODGES to Mr. Charles W. Stolle on June 11, 1938.

NEWTON H. BAKER married Miss Elaine Brown of Wilmington, Vt. on June 18, 1938.

FRANCES FOLEY married Mr. Edward J. Kelley of Schenectady, N. Y. on July 14, 1938.

FRANK DEWITT has accepted a position as instructor in the printing and publishing department of the Rochester, N. Y. Athenaeum and Mechanics Institute.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Evelyn R. Rowe to RAYMOND N. TOMLINSON on June 18, at Wooster, Ohio. Mr. Tomlinson is with the Chemical Bank and Trust Company at 165 Broadway, New York City. Address: 610 West 145th St., N.Y.C. Apt. 4K.

ROBERT E. FULLER is manager of the theatre at Pittsburg, N.H. Home address: No. Stratford, N. H.

FREDERICK C. WATSON is instructor in the East High School, Rochester, N. Y. Home address: 1650 East Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

1930

CLARISSA PEIRCE has accepted a teaching position in the Eaglebrook School in Deerfield, Mass.

MRS. LEE DAVID DAY (C. Winifred Miller). Address: 3012 S. W. 27th Ave., Coconut Grove, Miami, Fla.

DR. GEORGE W. DAVIS. Address: 167 Massachusetts Ave., Providence, R. I.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Miss Johanna Goettlicher to DR. ARTHUR JOHN HOFFMAN on June 11, 1938, at Manhasset, L.I., N. Y.

MR. and MRS. FREDERIC BINGHAM (Lillian Lucia) announce the birth of a daughter, Joan Marie, on June 7, 1938.

1931

MRS. C. R. WYLIE (Sikri Aho). Address: 2149 Waldeck Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

RUTH MORRISON has a position as secretary for the law firm of Wiggin and Dana, New Haven, Conn. Home address: 746 Main St., Laconia, N. H.

MRS. ROWLAND E. BONNER (Marguerite Wellman). Address: Orchard Terrace, Leominster, Mass.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of GERALDINE G. GRIFFIN to Mr. Alan E. Cameron on May 24, 1938. Address: Oban Times Buildings, Oban, Argyll, Scotland.

PHILANDER BATES. Address: Pinesbridge Rd., Chappaqua, N. Y.

Announcement has been received of the engagement of MIRIAM L. HASSELTINE to William S. Heaton of Montpelier, Vt.

JERRY R. MEADE is a contractor at Wassaic, N. Y.

1932

REV. and MRS. REAMER KLINE (Louise Brayton). Address: Christ Church, Fitchburg, Mass.

MRS. E. D. DICKERMAN (Doris K. Spurling). Address: 571 Cooper Ave., Elgin, Ill.

A son was born on October 31, 1937 to MR. and MRS. FORD HINMAN.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of RAYMOND HARWOOD to Miss Ruth Bebee on June 15, 1938.

WILLIAM PARZYCH is a commercial salesman for Goodyear tires in Hollywood. Address: 6733 Colgate Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

1933

ELAINE UPDYKE. Address: 1300 West Bethune, Detroit, Mich.

MRS. HERBERT F. NORRIS (Ruth Sheldon) is a designer and manufacturer of novelties in Woodsville, N. H.

ALICE WASHBURN has been appointed science teacher for Danville, Vt.

FRANCIS E. AUCHTER. Address: 28 Howard Ave., Malone, N. Y.

REV. ROLLIN T. CAMPBELL has accepted a pastorate at East Middlebury, Vt. Mr. Campbell recently married HELEN DAWSON, '37.

CHARLES LEIGH INGERSOLL was married on May 22, to Miss Beryl Briggs.

HAZEL BROWN and EDWARD STEFANIAK, '34, were married on July 16, 1938.

MIRIAM BARBER has accepted a position to teach French at the Cobleskill, N. Y. Senior High School.

JOHN V. D. GARRETSON, JR. is with the International Harvester Co., 570 W. 42nd St., New York City.

WILLIAM C. DEEMER is an engineer with W. G. Fritz Co., 69 Main St., West Orange, N. J. Home address: 9 Undercliff Terrace, West Orange, N. J.

1934

MRS. RUSSELL H. WHITE (Anna Tuthill). Address: Abbott Run Valley Rd., Valley Falls, R. I.

EDWIN B. STEBBINS is an engineer and equipment inspector with the Lago Oil and Transport Co., Box 784, Aruba, Netherlands, West Indies.

CURTIS B. HICKCOX. Address: Waterbury Hospital, Waterbury, Conn.

FREDERICK F. DEBOLD has received his medical degree from Tufts University, Boston, Mass. and is now interning at Worcester, Mass. Memorial Hospital.

MARGARET LEACH, '36, and TRAVIS E. HARRIS were married June 25, 1938.

CARL SEYMOUR. Address: 2 Chapel Place, Danbury, Conn.

NELDA FILIPPONE has recently received the degree of doctor of philosophy at the University of Florence, Florence, Italy.

ELIZABETH G. BROWN and RANDALL HOFFMANN, '37, were married August 1, 1938.

DR. WILLIAM G. MATTESON, JR. is a dentist at Cohasset, Mass.

1935

FAITH ARNOLD married Mr. Howard M. Diver on July 31, 1938. Address: 180 Main St., Goshen, N. Y.

MRS. HARRY KELTON (Maywood Clough). Address: 241 Elm St., Montpelier, Vt.

MARY BALLARD has a position as secretary to the Advertising Manager of the Boston Insurance Co., 87 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

GRACE BATES has been appointed teacher of mathematics in the George School, Pa.

ELEANOR DUKE has accepted a position as teacher in a private school in Utica, N. Y.

BURTON C. HOLMES. Address: Care of G. B. Chapman, General Agent, Aetna Life Insurance Co., 6th Floor Leader Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

MILDRED AUBREY was married on June 18, to Mr. Walter E. Monagan, Jr. Address: 4826 Cedar Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

MARY ELIZABETH SEAVER was married on July 9, to Mr. William C. Eichmann.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

RICHARD W. CUSHING. Address: 544 Federal St., Camden, N. J. Care of W. T. Grant Co.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Miss Ingrid L. Anderson to LESTER H. EVANS.

The engagement of HELEN F. PARSONS to JOHN C. PIERCE, '36, has been announced.

RICHARD D. HART is a draftsman with the New Britain Machine Co., New Britain, Conn. Home address: Maple Hill, New Britain, Conn.

MR. and MRS. LAURENS SEELYE (Harriet B. Douglas, '33) announce the birth of a daughter in July, 1938.

1936

JOHN H. MARTIN married Miss Lucy E. Marshall on January 11, 1938, at Ockham, Surrey, England. Address: Queen City Park, Burlington, Vermont.

ELEANOR COBB is teaching English in the Brewster Free Academy in Wolfeboro, N. H.

Announcement has been received of the birth of a daughter-Betty Ann, to MR. and MRS. RALPH ERICKSON (Barbara Wishart).

JOHN M. AVERY, JR. Address: 61 Mansfield St., Middletown, Conn.

CECIL B. GODDARD is a claims adjuster for the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co. Home address: 91 Bishop St., New Haven, Conn.

MR. and MRS. L. JUDSON MORHOUSE (Marion Cole) are parents of a daughter, Anne, born July 25, 1938.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of MAVIS C. JONES to Dr. George F. Little on July 2, 1938. Address: 406 Kenwood Ave., Delmar, N. Y.

MARGARET BECRAFT married Ray A. Hall on June 29, 1938. Address: 893 State St., Carthage, N. Y.

RALPH MEACHAM has been appointed to the faculty of the Lebanon, New Hampshire High School.

1937

ISABEL INGHAM married LOUIS BAUMGARTNER, '34, on August 27, 1938.

HELEN MILLER married Mr. Louis E. Snipes, August 27, 1938.

SIDNEY P. WHITE is teaching French and Latin at the Nathan Hale School, Moodus, Conn.

The engagement of ELIZABETH KNOX to LELAND O. HUNT, '35, has been announced.

MARGARET DOW has a position in the cataloguing department of the Yale Library, New Haven, Conn.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of HELEN DAWSON to Rollin Campbell, '33, on May 22, 1938. Address: East Middlebury, Vt.

JOY RAHR has accepted a position as teacher of dramatics and English in the Cobleskill, N. Y., High School.

MILDRED TRASK has a position in the Cashier's Department of the Prudential Insurance Co., 40 Wall St., N.Y.C.

LOIS BESTOR is Assistant Registrar of Stoneleigh College, Rye Beach, N. H.

RUTH SCHNEIDER is a statistician for the Colonial Trust Co., Waterbury, Conn.

HENRY F. SPINNEY is estates manager for the Spring Hill School, Litchfield, Conn.

ROBERT HUTCHINSON is assistant secretary of the New Haven Chamber of Commerce.

CHARLES SAWYER has a position as assistant professor in the biology department of Yale University.

JOHN F. LONERGAN has been appointed to the faculty of the North Bennington, Vermont, High School.

The engagement of BARBARA-ANN CARRICK, '40 to WALTER E. BROOKER has been announced.

1938

REBECCA ABBOTT has accepted a position as teacher of French in the Carthage, N. Y., High School.

ELEANOR BARNUM is teaching in the Community School of Robert College in Istanbul, Turkey.

MADELINE BUTTLES has a teaching position in the Windsor, Vt., High School.

JEAN DUSENBURY is a student nurse at the Frances Payne Bolton School of Nursing, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

VIRGINIA FISCHER is studying at the Katharine Gibbs School in New York City.

RUTH FLICKER has accepted a teaching position in Schuyler Lake, N. Y.

MARGARET GARDNER is doing graduate work at Columbia University in New York City.

VALERIA HALLIGAN is teaching at the Barnard School for Girls, 554 Fort Washington Ave., N.Y.C.

MARIAN HEWES is teaching French in Mooers, N. Y.

VIRGINIA HOWE is studying at the Yale School of Nursing in New Haven, Conn.

LOUISE HOYT has a teaching position in the Bradford, Vt., Academy.

ELIZABETH OSBORNE is doing social work at the Wassaic State School.

JANE LIDDLE is attending the Katharine Gibbs School in New York City.

FLORENCE OVERTON is teaching in the Spring Hill School, Litchfield, Conn.

KATHARINE SEVERANCE is a laboratory technician at the Worcester City Hospital, Worcester, Mass.

FRANCES RUSSELL has a teaching position in the Draper Union Free Public High School, Schenectady, N. Y.

ANNE SARGENT has accepted a position in the Eastport, L. I., High School.

RUTH SHELDON is attending the Perry Kindergarten Normal School, Boston, Mass. Address: 40 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.

ANNETTE TUTHILL is teaching in Riverhead, L. I., N. Y.

ELIZABETH WARNER is studying at the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy, 419 S. 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. E. KENNETH MILES (Evelyn Adriance). Address: 54 Pine St., Orono, Maine.

JOHN R. WILLIAMS has been awarded a four-year scholarship at Tufts Medical School in Boston.

GEORGE E. FARRELL, JR. will be an instructor in mathematics at St. Mary's High School in St. Albans, Vermont, during the coming year.

HELEN G. THOMAS married Mr. Paul J. Stone on July 23, 1938, at Petersham, Mass. Address: Kew Gardens, L. I., N. Y.

WILLIAM H. ARNONE is studying at New York University Medical School.

WINFIELD H. BAKER is studying at R.P.I. graduate school.

ARTHUR L. BARNEY is assistant in the department of chemistry at Syracuse University.

ALLISON BEEBE has a position with Jordan Marsh Co., Boston, Mass.

The engagement of CARLOS COOK to JANET RANDALL has been announced.

RAYMOND M. FAIRBROTHER is studying at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Address: 44 Dartmouth St., Belmont, Mass.

CHARLES J. HARVI has a position with Lavin Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.

ROLAND V. E. JOHNSON was married July 12 to Miss Margaret Heitman. Mr. Johnson has a position as pastor of the Ashfield, Mass. Congregational Church.

HAROLD W. LEWIS is assistant in the physics department of the University of Buffalo.

E. SHERBURNE LOVELL is attending the Kirksville School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo.

ROBERT J. M. MATTESON is with the National Institute of Public Affairs, Washington, D. C., as an intern in training for a public service career.

JAMES A. MINER is studying at the Columbia Law School.

WILLIAM MOREAU is employed in soil conservation work with the department of agriculture of Monmouth County, New Jersey.

C. ALBERT PRITCHARD has a position teaching French at the Walden, New York High School.

JOHN R. SMITH is studying at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

RAEBURN B. STILES is teaching in the high school at Greene, N. Y.

EUGENE STREIM is studying at New York University Medical School.

DONALD H. WESTIN is a student at London School of Economics, 27 Brunswick Square, W.C. 1, London, England.

DONALD J. WILTSIE is doing graduate work at Brown University in the department of mathematics.

HAROLD W. YASINSKI is teaching at Benson, Vt.